



"ANYWAY, IT'S BETTER TO BREAK ONE'S — CLUBS THAN TO LOSE ONE'S — — — TEMPER!!!"

### CHARIVARIA.

IN Morocco, the PRETENDER is again showing signs of activity. He is said to be preparing to strike a sudden blow in 1910.

A contractor has stated at a meeting of his creditors that he lost £9,000 on a contract with the London County Council. It is refreshing to hear of the L. C. C. making a good bargain.

The report of the Trades Union Parliamentary Committee declares: "We must no longer be content with a living wage... The demand should be for a higher standard of living—something that will enable us to educate our families, to participate in art, literature, music, and all the good things that help to make life bright, happy, and comfortable." We hope this means that less is to be spent on beer.

*The Express* has raised the question: Is Motoring conducive to Matrimony? It is contended that flirtation is unlikely to take place when a pretty girl is dis-

figured by motor-goggles. But think how some girls are improved by them.

Referring to the proposal that persons of defective intellect should not be allowed to marry, a bachelor writes to complain that this would mean the extinction of the race.

It is rumoured that, to mark their gratitude for the support which the Press has given to their engagement, the Hon. H. L. BRUCE and Miss CAMILLE CLIFFORD will carry on their courtship in full view of fifty picked correspondents on Monday and Thursday afternoons.

We had thought that "Trial by battle" had died out many hundreds of years ago, but during the recent hot weather "Mr. WARD," we read, "one of the Stratford magistrates, dispensed justice in his shirt-sleeves."

"Mr. ROBERT DONALD tells me," says a writer in *The Daily News*, "that he has not yet decided definitely whether he will be one of the distinguished party of guests who are invited to attend the

opening of the Carnegie Institute next spring." A mis-quotation, we feel sure.

And the Paris edition of *The New York Herald* made an ugly mistake the other day. The Comtesse de RODELLEC had accused M. GREGER of stealing a ring of hers. On the 1st inst. the following telegram was published in the columns of our contemporary:—

"Brest, Vendredi.—Avez mis mon nom sous portrait Mme. Greger numéro aujourd'hui. Prière rectifier de suite—Comtesse de Rodellec."

A Birmingham correspondent has written to *The Daily Mail* to state that his canary has just died at the age of 20. But surely the wonder is that it didn't die before.

### Regrettable Incident on the River.

MUCH sympathy is felt with the short-sighted gentleman who, while lunching on the river near Goring, carefully fitted a cork-screw into the plug of his boat and drew it.

## BY CORNISH AND BONEMIAN SEAS.

I.

MARK'S TWAIN.

*(Tristram and Iseult.)*

I AM not sure that the makers of old Breton legends, when they invented a second *Iseult*—her of the white hands—to be the wife of *Tristram*, were not justified of this daringly prosaic anticlimax. Certainly, Mr. COMYNS CARR failed to convince me that he had improved on the old tale when he turned this lady into a kind of abstraction, a ghostly double of her namesake. He represents her as superior to the "fair" *Iseult* by the fact that there is no wound she cannot cure, whereas the fair *Iseult* can only cure all wounds but one. If I follow the author, this extra wound is the wound of Love, and her medicine for it (not so very original, one would say) is Death. Yet I could not see that she had any hand—white or other—in *Tristram's* perishing, which seemed to me the direct result of somebody else's villainous sword-thrust in the small of his back. But things were rather confusing at this point, and *Tristram's* statement that Death and Life and Love were really identical did not greatly help matters; nor was the riddle solved by reference to the text, where the distinction made between ordinary type and capital initials only served to darken counsel:—

"For death and life are one! And Life and Love!"

Still, the play is really very free of obscurities, though I couldn't quite understand the working of *Iseult's* shadow in the last Act. It seemed to move independently of her; even giving her a hint as to her next move, or so I gather from her words:—

"And when I see  
That shadowy *Iseult* uplift her face  
Then I'll lift mine."

Complaint has been made that the sombreness of the play was untempered by comic relief. Yet surely this element was sufficiently provided by *Tristram's* most unusual sword. In dealing *Moraunt* his death-wound he had knocked a huge chip out of the blade (could it have been made in Germany?) and left it imbedded in the body of his victim. Here it was found by *Moraunt's* mother, who treasured the relic next her chest, with the idea of wreaking vengeance as soon as she found the owner of the rest of the sword.

This sanguine hope is realised, and she is enabled to fit the fragment into its place in a "recognition-scene" almost Orestean in its futility. Mr. CARR will cite the authority of legend for this episode; but would he not have done more wisely to choose the variant by which *Tristram* is discovered through

wearing the captured sword of his dead enemy? I cannot think, by the way, why *Moraunt's* people always speak of *Tristram* as "caitiff" or "coward." He at least hit his man with a clean weapon, not poisoned like *Moraunt's*. If hard things have to be said, I should say that of the two it was rather *Moraunt* who was no gentleman. However, *de mortuis*, &c.

In comparing his scheme with WAGNER's, one observes the economy of time affected by Mr. CARR in the matter of *Tristram's* dying. The best part of an hour is saved over this painful business; and the time so gained is well spent over the most satisfactory novelty in the play, namely the Second Act, crowded with dramatic incident, in which we are shown the events that take place at the court of the Irish King.



A Nice Large Mark.  
(Mr. Oscar Asche.)

These events, so necessary to an understanding of the subsequent relations between *Tristram* and *Iseult*, are only perfunctorily sketched by WAGNER in the tedious form of narrative. There is a further advantage in the character of *King Mark*, here shown as traitor to his kinsman, an attitude which, if it does not excuse *Tristram's* own treachery, yet colours it with a kind of poetic justice. The thought is finely expressed in those lines—none better in all the play—where *Tristram*, learning that the man whom he has betrayed was himself a traitor at heart, feels no shame in challenging him to fight:—

"But now this last account betwixt us twain  
Sets my sword free. For wrong here answers  
wrong,  
And death shall claim us both."

It seems that the critics have not felt themselves able to crown Mr. CARR's blank verse with their approbation, yet I

dare hazard the conjecture that he knows more than most of them on this subject. And it is a merit with him that he never forgot, as some of his critics have forgotten, that he was writing a play for the stage and not for the study. Incidentally the text has been published (by Messrs. DUCKWORTH), but the task he set himself was to write verse that should be heard rather than read. It surely requires little intelligence to understand the point of this distinction.

The play abounds in poetic feeling, but in the matter of poetic expression he has declined to over-embroider his theme, to write for the writing's sake; and has made it his first aim to be lucid and logical. Even so his verse maintains a very fair level of excellence. It has, of course, its defects. There is too much of the terminal "Aye, so he did!" or "Aye, so he shall!" There is too much insistence on the *leit-motif* of *Iseult's* healing powers. Here and there he shows signs of the influence of SHAKESPEARE; and in the line

"Unbar that golden prison men call day,"

one traces an echo of BROWNING's *Pompilia*:—

"So let him wait God's instant men call years."

If Mr. CARR's style has a somewhat negative individuality it is at least to his credit that he has been careful to avoid the manner of TENNYSON and the other poets who have treated this same theme.

Miss LILY BRATTON was a graceful *Iseult*, but she seemed over-burdened with the need of being strenuous. She understands the right delivery of blank verse, but dwelt too lingeringly over some of her words. Miss WYNNE-MATTHISON's artistic intelligence was wasted over the subordinate part of *Branquaine*. As *Tristram*, Mr. MATHESON LANG was rather disappointing. He seemed to lack virility both in speech and bearing. Mr. ASCHÉ made a very large *Mark* on the stage; but he was generally somewhere else.

The scenery was admirable and so were the women's dresses; but I thought very little of the gentlemen. *King Arthur*, no doubt, had got hold of the pick of Britain's knighthood for his Round Table team.

## II.

## A COOLING ENTERTAINMENT.

*(The Winter's Tale.)*

It was a happy forethought on the part of the management of His Majesty's Theatre to have a *Winter's Tale* all ready for the Heat Wave. Not only was the title a refreshment; but the play itself, produced under conditions where enthusiasm would have been very heating, was pleasantly frigid. For, to be frank, the scheme of it is stupid; and apart from the waggery of *Autolyus*, and *Hermione's* famous defence



### A GENTLE REMINDER.

RIGHT HON. WALTER LONG. "MUZZLE? MUZZLE? SEEMS A FAMILIAR NOTION!"





Photographer. "Now, my little man, put your hands behind your back, or cover them up somehow."  
Tall Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, WON'T YOU TELL HIM WHAT TO DO WITH HIS FACE?"

(feelingly spoken by Miss ELLEN TERRY) there are scarcely two score of lines that are worth listening to. The chief justification for its revival lay in the work of the scene-painters, including Mr. RAPHAEL, whose name I was glad to see again in connection with a Renaissance. Very idyllic was the setting which Mr. RYAN gave to the pastoral *Vie de Bohème* (*Quartier Grec*). And I cannot think what the actors would have done without the nice dresses that Mr. PERCY MACQUOID designed for them.

Everybody acted honestly enough, and with great intelligence, from Mr. CHARLES WARNER down to the shepherd's donkey, who played in his own skin (unaided by Mr. MACQUOID) and nibbled at the green matting with an astonishing fidelity to nature. But if one excepts *Autolycaus* (interpreted by Mr. C. W. SOMERSET, who was perhaps a shade too jumpy) and the *Clown* (a part to which Mr. O. B. CLARENCE lent a wealth of facial charm) their tasks were rather thankless. If I proposed to assist again at this spectacle, I should forego the gross fatuities of the First Act and the recitation of Father Time (the stuffiest "chorus" I ever heard) and just look in for the rustic scene before

the shepherd's cottage, and so home—thinking on Miss MARY ANDERSON, and



Leontes (Mr. Charles Warner) recoils from his infant daughter (Miss Viola Tree).

wistful with the vain desire to find again the *Perdita* of my youth.

Meanwhile I look forward to a revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* during the next cold snap.

O. S.

#### LINES WRITTEN IN A HEAT WAVE.

It is not due to passion's fire  
That I am rushing into verse,  
Nor, as with JUVENAL, has ire  
Impelled me to a rhythmic curse;  
Not for that CLARIBEL is cold  
Seek I the coy consoling Muse,  
Nor is it that I'm getting old  
And needs must ventilate my views:  
Nor yet again that I am young,  
O'erflowing with the joy of life;  
None of these things has loosed my  
tongue;  
Nor is it a despotic wife;  
Nor yet is this unwonted zeal  
Produced by my financial state,  
For, though my poverty is real,  
My creditors have learnt to wait;  
But, would you know why I began  
To string these halting lines together,  
It was that as an Englishman  
I won't be beaten by the weather!

X. Y. X.

#### Do Ladies Help?

"YOUNG LADY seeks a situation as Kitchenmaid."—*Western Morning News*.

**GEORGE BRADSHAW.**

(Somechat in the manner of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Charles Dickens.")

**INTRODUCTORY.**

ALL criticism tends too much to become criticism of criticism; and the reason is glitteringly evident. It is that criticism of creation is so very staggering a thing. It is the same with BRADSHAW. A man who would cut but a poor figure in making a third-class railway carriage may be the first hand in the world at compiling a time-table; while a man whose efforts at the compilation of a time-table are of the rudest might be the leading mechanic in Swindon.

To blame BRADSHAW for what he could not do is as illogical as to praise him for what he could; or, in other words, to praise him for what he could do is as illogical as to blame him for what he could not. It is therefore that we shall consider BRADSHAW in the present volume not as a musician or as a father, not as a tea-dealer or as a believer in Christian Science, but as a maker of time-tables and a servant of the State.

No two things are more different than an elephant and an arm-chair, and yet both are quadrupeds. Probably no idea ever had so general an acceptance as that Queen ANNE is dead, and yet the statement cannot be too much repeated and emphasised. It is the privilege of the critic to say everything twice. Repetition is the definition of criticism. Only those who care for the enunciation of such principles as these should attempt the following pages.

BRADSHAW had a more gigantic energy than the energy of the intense artist—the energy which is prepared to write something. He had the energy which is prepared to write anything. With all the dazzling universe before him to select from, he chose to write about railways. He had the one power in literature which literally cannot be imitated, the primary inexhaustible will power, the enormous determination of genius. Nothing could prevent him writing about trains. Had he been cast on a desert isle he would have instantly invented a complete service of trains touching at every creek and palm-tree, with the times accurately given, although not guaranteed. For with all his abandon, all his fury of industry, BRADSHAW was not incautious. No great man ever lacks caution. If there is one error more glaring or persistent than another (which I doubt), it is that carelessness and greatness are allied.

Probably there is no book in the world so free from extraneous matter as *Bradshaw*. No author so consistently refuses to leave the rails. Whatever desire the youthful BRADSHAW may have

had to be a poet or imaginative writer, it was lived down by BRADSHAW the man. I have searched his pages in vain for any characters of flesh and blood; I have read not only the lines, but between the lines, and have met with no better fortune. In a peculiar way *Bradshaw* is a work of prose. Of many writers it may be said that they are valuable only as they are fanciful, but of BRADSHAW we may say that his worth is his adherence to fact.

Nothing is so irrefragably and fundamentally certain as that an expository critic never keeps to the point so materially as when he seems to have abandoned it. But with BRADSHAW the converse is the case. If he relaxes so little as to commit the smallest error we are lost. If there is one truth greater and more luminous than another (which I doubt), it is that the compiler of a railway time-table must not write 3 when he means 2. GEORGE BRADSHAW knew this. Two and two may make four, but the 2.2 will certainly be missed by anyone arriving at 3.3. It is, of course, doubtful if one can be said, strictly speaking, ever to be late for anything, since the man who arrives, for example, at Euston on Monday five minutes after the Scotch express has left, is as a matter of fact in a position of phenomenal earliness for the same train on the next day. Ordinary arithmetic shows us that he has as much as twenty-three hours fifty-five minutes in hand. In other words, the later we are the earlier we are. He alone is early who is late.

Yet, if we are to look for lessons, here at least is the last and deepest lesson of BRADSHAW. It is that we must be in time. No man can miss a train and miss a train only. He misses more than that. A man who misses a train misses an opportunity. It is probably the reason of the terrific worldly success of CÆSAR and CHARLEMAGNE that neither of them ever missed a train.

But BRADSHAW has done for the world more than this. He has contributed to its street literature one of its best jokes. There are popular phrases so picturesque that even when they are intentionally funny they are unintentionally poetical. I remember, to take one instance out of many, hearing a heated Secularist in Hyde Park apply to some parson or other the exquisite expression, "a sky-pilot." Subsequent inquiry has taught me that the term is intended to be comic and even contemptuous; but in that first freshness of it I went home repeating it to myself like a new poem. Few of the pious legends have conceived so strange and yet celestial a picture as this of the pilot in the sky, leaning on his helm above the empty heavens, and

carrying his cargo of souls higher than the loveliest cloud. The phrase is like a lyric of SHELLEY. But my raptures on this occasion were as nothing compared with those which I experienced on first noticing the exquisite jest, "Wait till the rain stops," in a railway carriage. The audacity of it and the wisdom of it are alike overwhelming. The colossal truth of the statement that it is wise to tarry until the shower has ceased is only to be matched by the effrontery with which a sixpenny penknife can turn a train, an artificial product of man, into rain, the sweetest gift of nature. This transcendental joke we owe to GEORGE BRADSHAW, for had it not been for him it is probable that the original humourist who hit upon it would not have caught his train.

The literature of the world contains no book the merit of which is so equally distributed as this masterly work of BRADSHAW's. With most books it is possible to point to one chapter that is better than another, or one that is worse. Some books have their best wine at the beginning; some their best at the close. Others again have it in the middle. But BRADSHAW is above fluctuation. He rides high, like the stars. To the Great Western trains he brings no more thought and no less than to the Bessbrook and Newry electric cars; he is as exact and methodical about the Listowel and Ballybunion service as that of the London and North-Western. If we find one section more fascinating than another the reason is in ourselves. It is because our home is there, or our love. BRADSHAW is equal. If there is one thing in the world more amazing than another (which I doubt), it is this equality of BRADSHAW's genius.

**OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.**

*Litigant.*—You have certainly a good cause of action. The man's explanation that the dog mistook you for a mutton cutlet is unsatisfactory. To address the mastiff as Fido was undoubtedly provocative, but this is not fatal to your case.

*Moths in Hair.*—You forgot to tell us if it was your own hair.

*Specialist.*—Your question, "Are murderers highly strung?" has often been discussed. The evidence seems to show that generally speaking they are.

*Dude.*—The whisker is not so *démodé* as you seem to suppose, though nowadays the number worn seldom exceeds two. The colour you suggest would hardly match the lavender trousers.

*Bookworm.*—Yes. DANIEL DEFOE has practically given up writing books of Adventure.

## HENRY'S IDEA.

## II.

## OF AN "EMERGENCY."

I HAVE been reading a little book called *What to do in 101 Emergencies*, said HENRY, and really it's a most comprehensive work. I don't know how the Editor can think of all the things.

Take the 95th emergency: "To exterminate —s, &c., from furniture"—which begins: "Take of corrosive sublimate, 2 drachms." Now of course that's a jolly thing to know, but I can't imagine anybody waking up in the middle of the night and shrieking for help because he heard an earwig climbing up the oak dresser. I mean it isn't exactly an emergency—though no doubt a very regrettable business. Still, being launched on the subject of insects, one would expect the Editor to follow up the trail for a bit. But 96 is "To make a freezing mixture without ice," 97 "To render shooting-boots waterproof," and 98 "In case of the hair falling off." The presence of mind required to make a freezing mixture without ice must be enormous.

I should like to see this man setting a "Hard Case" for *Vanity Fair*. "A. and B. are seated together in the Club smoking-room, when A. suddenly notices a centipede on the mantelpiece. He remarks to B., who has on a pair of shooting-boots which have not as yet been rendered waterproof, 'Now if only we had a freezing mixture!' 'What?' replies B., 'without any ice?' A's hair then falls off. What should B. do?" Now that sort of question really would bring out a man's tact.

Number 53 interested me a good deal. It's called "In case of slipping down a declivity or hill," and the advice is, "In case of slipping down a smooth declivity or hill-side and being unable to stop, try and turn on the side or stomach, and there will be a chance of grasping some projection or shrub." Now I took a nasty banana-fall on Notting Hill yesterday, but without a moment's hesitation turned . . . as requested . . . Probably it saved my life.

I'm not altogether sure that the man has chosen the best emergencies. I mean Number 75, "To prevent fly in turnips," isn't nearly so far-reaching as, say, "To prevent wasps in marmalade" would be. Personally I should be inclined to encourage fly in turnips.

It's a pleasant book, but I shouldn't trust it in the hands of a careless person. You see, he might mix the treatments. Number 81 is "To arouse persons from the stupor of drunkenness," and the treatment is to "Procure a large jug of water and pour it on to the head of the person intoxicated from a fair height, so as to give a great a shock as possible.



## THE RULING PASSION.

*Laden and perspiring stranger.* "COULD YOU KINDLY TELL ME HOW FAR IT IS TO THE STATION?"  
*Sportsome Native.* "ABOUT A FULL DRIVE, TWO BRASSIES AND A PUTT."

If the first application is not successful repeat it." Now that's all right. I should like to do that. But suppose by mistake you gave your man the treatment "for exterminating cock-roaches" (59). Or suppose "when the gas goes out" (50) you mistakenly endeavour "to remove a glass stopper that has become fast" (79). Or that when happily engaged in "blistering a horse" (88) you found suddenly that you'd really only been "removing grease stains" (65) all the time. It would be so jolly awkward . . .

Of course now and then it wouldn't matter so much. "What to do to pre-

vent dry rot" (19), and "Removing ink from paper" (76), have a good deal in common . . . which reminds me that a much more interesting book would have been, *What to Say in 101 Emergencies*. Don't you think so?

## More Commercial Candour.

FROM *The Glasgow Herald*:—

"The great success which attended the opening of this important sale makes it a matter of some difficulty to surpass what has already been done, but Mr. — is determined to make this sale still more popular by giving bargains that any lady can see at a glance are genuine."

### LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A WAR MINISTER.

Berlin, August 31.—Breakfasted with General VON DER GOLTZ, to meet Generals BRAUNEBERG, VON INGELHEIM and Professor BERNKASTELER. Discussed the application of the Categorical Imperative to words of command, on which BRAUNEBERG holds rather heretical views. Found some difficulty in explaining to my host the exact meaning of the term "spatch-cock," but on comparing notes discovered that it corresponds to a *frisch geschlachteter und zubereiteter Hahn*. After breakfast went to the tailor's to have my new German frock-coat—rather short in the skirts and with a high waist—tried on. Walked for an hour in the Thiergarten with Baron JOSTY discussing the indebtedness of S. T. COLERIDGE to SPINOZA. Lunched with the BÜLWOS to meet Frau KNUFFER-EGLI, Count EGGERRECHT, General KRANZLER, and HUMPERDINCK the composer. Discussed SCHLEIERMACHER with Prince BÜLOW, who contended that altruistic Quietism was the only rational basis of a workaday philosophy. Explained to Frau KNUFFER-EGLI the true inwardness of the *návra píe* of HERACLITUS. After lunch went with HUMPERDINCK to the Philharmonic to hear STRAUSS's new Symphonic Poem *Wanamakeriana*. Was introduced to Dr. MUCK, EUGEN D'ALBERT and Count KEMPINSKI.

Dined with the K. After dinner discussed President ROOSEVELT's new spelling scheme and its probable effect on the British Army. The K. was anxious to know whether it would apply to place-names, and suggested that the spelling of Jermyn Street cried out for emendation. Suggested that it might simplify international relations if Herr VON TSCHIRSCHKY were to get rid of a few superfluous letters from his name. Discussed FICHTE with General VON EINEM, who avowed himself a follower of SCHELLING. On returning to my hotel completed a paper comparing the three STRAUSSSES—the Tübingen iconoclast, the *Walzerkönig*, and the symphonist—which I promised to send to Princess BÜLOW, who was one of LISZT's 143 favourite pupils.

Sept. 1.—Breakfasted with SUDERMANN to meet Dr. HANS RICHTER, Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF, and Herr RAIMUND VON ZUR MÜHLEN. We talked of the Byzantinism of modern art. Tried to extract a clear opinion from RICHTER as to the originality of the K. as a composer, but without success. Found to my surprise that Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF was an esoteric Buddhist. After breakfast walked in the Thiergarten with SUDERMANN and went on to the Zoological Gardens. Pointed out to SUDERMANN that the chest-swelling drill was clearly bor-

rowed from the Penguin. Lunched with Count KEMPINSKI to meet BERNHARD PSCHORR, the famous vegetarian dramatist, Generals TÖFFER, BAUER and Baron JOSTY. Explained the Scottish Church Dispute to Baron JOSTY, who expressed a strong desire to become a "Wee Free." After lunch went with BERNHARD PSCHORR to inspect the Kunstgewerbe Museum. Took tea with the BÜLWOS and went in the evening to inspect CASTAN's Panoptikum with General BRAUNEBERG and Professor BERNKASTELER. Home late.

Sept. 2.—Realised this morning that I have been neglecting the real objects of my visit. Resolved to devote the remainder of my time to serious business. Professor HARNACK came to breakfast and remained till noon, discussing the credentials of Dr. EMIL REICH as a critic of the Higher Criticism. Lunched at PSCHORR's, and went thoroughly into the question of the feasibility of compelling regular troops to become vegetarians. PSCHORR, I am glad to say, is no uncompromising fanatic. He would allow TOMMY ATKINS an egg for breakfast, and once a week a dish of *Gänsebraten mit Leberwurst* or *Kalbniierenbraten*. Went in the afternoon to Charlottenburg, the birthplace of Charlotte Prusse; thence to the Benth-Schinkel Museum, and examined mediæval jewellery with Dr. THEODOR BARTH and HARNACK. Dined quietly with the K., and gave him a full account of the origin, decline and fall of the "Souls." Discussed the relative importance in the evolution of strategy of HANNIBAL, ALEXANDER THE GREAT, JULIUS CESAR and NAPOLEON. Discussed the novels of PAUL HEYSE, the philosophy of NIETZSCHE, the development of the steam turbine, the poems of RONSARD, VILLON, and ALFRED AUSTIN, and the flute sonatas of FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Sept. 3.—In the morning inspected a new patent sentry-box, invented by the K. Lunched with HARNACK and HUMPERDINCK, and discussed the possibilities of constructing the libretto of an oratorio out of the code of HAMMURABI. In the afternoon called on TSCHIRSCHKY at the Wilhelmstrasse to discuss the psycho-physiological basis of BÜRGER's *Lenore*. General VON EINEM, who happened to look in, had never heard of SCOTT's version, which I recited to his great satisfaction. Dined with PSCHORR at the Kaiserkeller off lentil soup, artichokes and botanic beer. Supped with the K. and discussed the apolaustic Hedonism of HARRY LAUDER as illustrated in his lyrics, which he had never heard of! Well, *non omnia possumus omnes*.

Sept. 4.—Paid farewell visits and left Berlin. PSCHORR, who came to see me off, said that the Press were beginning to think that I had seen too much of the brain of the German army. Humorous chaps, these German journalists. Read

BRODRICK's article in the *Nineteenth Century* in the train. Slept well on the journey, and arrived safe at Flushing without any sign of a Red Eagle.

### "O MY PROPHEPIC SOUL!"

[“Old Moore” (not to be confused with Mr. GEORGE) has issued his predictions for 1907.]

THE ancients were wont to rely on  
The stars for advice and obeyed  
The spheres when the Twins and Orion  
Flashed forth in a twinkling their aid;  
If things were at sixes and sevens,  
They weren't in the least put about,  
But called (with their trust in the heavens)  
The local astrologer out.

Like Stoics they stifled their heart-ache,  
And bowed to the astral command  
Did any irascible star take  
Offence at a marriage they planned;  
Ah! lover, who longed for her answer,  
Oh! maiden, who yearned for his love,  
How sorely you suffered from Cancer  
Refusing assent from above!

Ah! why is that science forgotten?  
In vain do I pucker my brow,  
And think why it is we don't cotton  
To signs of the zodiac now;  
Though still they have messages for us,  
Our sceptics maintain they are sham;  
They don't care a toss about Taurus,  
They don't care a rap for the Ram!

Why, why did those seers of the past err,  
And keep all their secrets intact?  
For now I am minus a master,  
Nor know in the least how to act;  
If only the stars in their courses  
Could telephone to me, I feel  
That I could be “boss” of the Bourses,  
And hold ev'ry trump in each “deal.”

Then, since it is true that the scattered  
Star-gazers are under a cloud,  
One prophet, at least, should feel flattered  
To note his success with the crowd;  
For, though his fervid narration  
Is weak and his prophecy poor,  
Each year we are told that the nation  
(Like *Oliver*) clamours for Moore!

“J. S. seeks a berth as hairdresser on board a liner. He has tried the various companies through the usual channels, but without success. Can any reader help him?”—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

As he has tried “the usual channels” without success, *Mr. Punch* can only suggest that he should now see what he can do with some Atlantic line.

“GENTLEMAN requires two well-furnished FRONT ROOMS, with piano, and carpeted over, fire and light included, also fire in bedroom all day; no extras; no children; terms 11s. weekly.”—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

It is really rather generous of him not to insist on some children for his money, but after all you can't have everything for eleven shillings.



## THE SILENT SOUND.

Mrs. O'Flannigan (to husband, who has had india-rubber heels to his boots). "NOW YOU SOUND JUST LIKE A POLICEMAN WALKING; FOR, BEDAD, I CAN'T HEAR YOU AT ALL, AT ALL!"

CYCLES! CYCLES!! CYCLES!!!

SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY NEW.

THE LITTLE HANDLE-BAR SPRING.

NO MORE ACCIDENTS! NO MORE STOLEN CYCLES!

ALL our bicycles are fitted with the Little Handle-Bar Spring, which, when pressed, causes the machine to fall into 114 pieces.

Anyone can press the spring, but it takes an expert three months to rebuild it, thus trebling the life of a bicycle.

We are offering this marvellous invention at the absurd price of 50 guineas cash down,

or 98 weekly instalments of 1 guinea. [Special reductions to company promoters and men with large families.]

We can't afford to do it for less, because when once you have bought one you will never want another.

ADVICE TO PURCHASERS.

Don't lose your head when the

machine runs away with you down-hill; simply press the spring.

Don't wait for your rich uncle to die; just send him one of our cycles.

Don't lock your cycle up at night; merely press the spring.

Don't be misled by other firms who say that their machines will also fall to pieces; they are only trying to sell their cycles; we want to sell you.

NOTE.—We can also fit this marvellous Little Spring to Perambulators, Bath-Chairs and Bathing Machines.

We append below some two out of our million Testimonials. The other 999,998 are expected every post.

July, 1906.

DEAR SIRS,—I bought one of your cycles in May, 1895, and it is still as good as when I received it. I attribute this solely to the Little Handle-Bar Spring which I pressed as soon as I received the machine.

P.S.—What do you charge for rebuilding a cycle?

August, 1906.

GENTLEMEN,—Last month I started to ride to Barnet on one of your cycles. When ascending Muswell Hill, I lost control of the machine, but I simply pressed the spring, and now I feel that I cannot say enough about your bike. I shall never ride any other again.

P.S.—I should very much like to meet the inventor of the "Little Handle-Bar Spring."

EVEN at the very end of the season bright things are happening at cricket. Thus in *The Cornish Post* we read:

"The Choughs' innings was most peculiar, the scoring board showing 170 for one wicket, and the whole side being out for 124."

Most peculiar. And *The Bristol Times*, writing of DENNETT, observes with truth that "it was no small feat to send down 1,081 overs out of a total of 1,462 bowled for the county." There's keenness for you! Burning the candle at both ends, as one may say.



### OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—No. 3.

(Told by a Member.)

"AS THE SUBJECT CHOSEN WAS 'THE OPEN SEA,' SOME OF US MADE AN EXCURSION FOR THE DAY. WE HIRED A BOAT, AND TOLD THE BOATMAN WHAT WE WANTED. THE RESULTS WERE DISAPPOINTING."

### UNRECORDED EVENTS OF THE RECENT HEAT.

At Moreton-in-the-Marsh a turkey-cock went mad and imitated the note of a guinea-pig.

At Sidcup a tramp on being presented with a Charity Organisation ticket burst into tears and thanked the donor.

At Clacton-on-Sea a troupe of burnt-cork nigger minstrels rushed into the sea and have not been recognised since.

At Leighton-Buzzard a bricklayer was so overcome by the heat that he laid 500 bricks in ten hours.

Mr. KEIR-HARDIE, having inadvertently removed his hat at an open-air meeting, was understood to say that the behaviour of the troops in Natal was all that it should be.

During the great heat on Saturday week a porter at Liverpool Street Station returned a sovereign which a short-sighted passenger had given him in mistake for a shilling.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, while playing golf on the Dornoch links, holed the

last hole in one, and presented his caddie with a free library.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, the Poet Laureate, was suddenly attacked by a gad-fly, and for the space of four hours was unable to find a rhyme for *Veronica*. Finally he was reduced to wiring to Lord AVEBURY, who promptly suggested *Pyrus Japonica*.

On Sunday week Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON mistook his way to Brookwood Cemetery and inadvertently travelled to Gravesend before he discovered his error.

On the same day, as the congregation emerged from St. Paul's Cathedral they were confronted by the novel spectacle of a large number of the poorer residents of the neighbourhood using the stone-flagged steps of the sacred edifice as a grill, and cooking their dinners. Such an incident has not occurred for 667 years.

"Omnibus Horse runs down a Drain," was the somewhat sensational heading of a paragraph in one of our most advanced evening papers. In fairness to the public it should have been men-

tioned that the animal in question, having been accidentally drawn up at the hottest period of the day in close proximity to the furnace of a well-known restaurant, fairly melted away before the incident occurred.

Sunday visitors to the Zoo were privileged to witness a curious spectacle of which no example is known but that recorded in PLINY's famous *Natural History*. The Polar Bear, which had been observed to show considerable uneasiness all day, as the feeding hour approached took off its coat and called loudly for an iceberg.

### Doing the Thing in Style.

THE LAW abhors punctuation. The following is taken from the Court Rolls of a Copyhold Manor in the Midlands:

"TO THIS COURT came Edward Blank Stone Mason of etc Eldest Son and Heir of Joseph Blank Stone Mason of etc who died on the 21st day of March one thousand nine hundred and five in proper person and in full court and desired to be admitted tenant of etc etc."



### BERLIN ON THE BRAIN.

FIRST TOMMY (*following Mr. HALDANE with a suspicious eye*). "WOT'S HE AGOIN' TO DO TO US NOW? HE GIVE ME A AWFUL LOOK AS HE PASSED."

SECOND TOMMY. "YUSS, AND TALKING TO HISSELF IN GERMAN SOMETHING HORRIBLE."





"DID YOU GET HIS NUMBER?"

"No; BUT I SAW EXACTLY WHAT SHE WAS WEARING, AND HOW MUCH SHE PAID FOR THE THINGS!"

### THE TEA-BASKET.

WHEN the sympathetic porter asked me if I would like a tea-basket I quickly assented, thinking in my innocence that its presence on the carriage seat would brighten the gloom of my return journey to London after the holidays. "And let me have some raspberry jam," I called to him out of the window, for I was alone in the compartment. But at that moment my attention was attracted to a train steaming up to an adjoining platform and disgorging a load of hot, flurried people. Before I realised the full significance of the incident some thirty-five people, with animals, vegetables and babies, precipitated themselves into the seclusion of my compartment.

When I recovered my breath and looked round, I saw that my first estimate was a little exaggerated, and that as a matter of fact only the legal number filled the carriage. Opposite to me sat a severe-looking lady in rusty black, nursing a toy Pomeranian of the same colour; next to her came an anxious young mother with a damp shining face, in a soiled white silk blouse with elbow sleeves. She was accompanied by a healthy-looking boy about two

years old, also much travel-stained, who was eating a banana, or part of it, and plastering his face and hair with the rest. Further on sat a strenuous-looking man about fifty years of age, a Free Church Minister from his appearance, who, after depositing his soft black hat on the rack, immediately lost touch with his surroundings behind the pages of *The British Weekly*.

My view of the occupants of my own seat was entirely blocked by the ample proportions of the portly gentleman who had deposited himself at my side, or rather on my side, and whose left arm and shoulder had the upper berth of my right. He was wearing a summer suit of black-and-white check, and seemed to be suffering from some lung trouble. I was just trying to wriggle myself into a more comfortable position when the sympathetic porter looked in and plumped the tea-basket on my knee. I had forgotten it; and really it seemed the last straw, though in point of fact it was only the first. There was no time to demur, so I hastily found my skirt pocket and paid for the wretched thing, and next moment we had started, and the porter was complacently pocketing a tip which, in consequence of my agitation, consisted of half-a-crown and

a penny. Presently, when the express had settled down into her stride and my companions had done glaring at me and my unfortunate burden, I lifted the lid with my only available hand and looked inside.

Oh, what an orgie I might have had under favourable conditions—dainty brown teapot, steaming at the spout, bread-and-butter, raspberry jam, and most tempting cake simply studded with currants! I could not resist the sight; and it is only due to my fellow-passengers to record that, as soon as I set about the business of eating and drinking, they all looked the other way in order to save me from embarrassment. All, that is, but the dog and the baby, and these took a passionate and unconcealed interest in my proceedings; the child being specially fascinated by my attempts to get the tea out of the cup into my mouth while travelling at sixty miles an hour, and the dog eying the cake with such pitiful entreaty that I felt impelled to present it with a chunk, which it snapped in and bolted in one movement.

"Oh!" exclaimed the severe lady, who had been studying the landscape, "what was that? You didn't give him any cake?"

I flinched before her and admitted the fact.

"Not *currant*?" she gasped. "Then you've killed him! I had just taken him away for a change, and his diet is a matter of life or death. I have already paid the veterinary surgeon £2 18s. 6d. Heaven knows what the next bill will be!" It was at this juncture that the baby made a sudden dash at the basket, and took a handful of jam, which it spread lavishly on my neighbour's light check trousers on its way back to its mother's knee.

Luckily he was asleep, and the cries of the child under chastisement did not rouse him; and I believe he would have remained in that enviable condition for the rest of the journey but for the appearance of an importunate wasp, also after the jam, and the subsequent behaviour of the Free Church Minister. Evidently regarding himself as a champion wasp-killer, he emerged from his seclusion and went round the carriage flapping wildly with his folded *British Weekly*. The wasp escaped every time. Finding that the only restful place in the vicinity was the bald head of my sleeping neighbour, it settled there for a moment to review the situation. It was a fatal step. Down came the *British Weekly*, this time unerringly; the dead wasp tumbled into my teacup, while, with the trumpet of a wounded elephant, the portly gentleman went straight for the throat of the Free Church Minister. It was only his collar that saved him; his collar, and a natural gift of eloquence by which he succeeded in convincing his victim that it is better to wake with a start than to die of blood-poisoning.

Meanwhile there was still good tea in the pot, although the wasp had spoilt what was in my cup, and determining to get something for my money (I had just discovered the loss of the half-crown) I threw the half-cup out of the window as we sped along, and proceeded to help myself to more. We were slowing up, and I found drinking less precarious and almost enjoyable, when unusual sounds from the corridor at the other side of the carriage caught my ear—sounds of a man's voice raised in righteous indignation and a child crying lustily. Immediately afterwards a burly man of the artizan class passed down the corridor, leading a weeping child whose face and print blouse were streaming with a brownish liquid, while the body of a dead wasp dangled in its front curls. My blood froze. I looked hastily at my companions, who were all engrossed in personal matters. The Minister had once more retired behind his *British Weekly*, the rusty lady was massaging her dog's digestive organs, and the young mother was furtively watching my

neighbour, who was gazing in a dazed apoplectic manner at the smear of jam on his trousers. It had only that moment caught his eye.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor," I heard the man in the corridor shouting to some unseen official—"I want the law on somebody. This nipper of mine was leanin' out o' winder—when all of a moment——"

I waited to hear no more. Extricating myself with a quick sinuous movement from my spreading neighbour, I rose resolutely, placed the tea-basket on my seat, and left the carriage as the train drew up at a busy junction; nor did I emerge from the concealment of the crowded waiting-room until it was once more on its way to London.

An hour later I caught a slow up-train, and the kindly guard who suggested a tea-basket seemed quite disconcerted at the bitterness of my refusal.

#### "HAVE WE LIVED BEFORE?"

I got up and dusted my knees. I wasn't angry; pained rather.

"I don't think you quite realise what it is you're missing," I said.

"What I've missed," said KATE decisively.

"To you," I went on, "I seem just an ordinary person; but four thousand years ago, let me tell you, I was a man of some importance. Do you realise that you are talking to—that, in fact, you have just refused—one who four thousand years ago was the King of BABYLON's favourite General?"

"Fancy!" said KATE.

"Yes. I don't want to boast, but that's what I was. I often have visions of those days, and I seem to see myself marching at the head——"

"Fancy you're being the General!" said KATE. "Why I remember him so well. A funny little man with bow legs——"

"You remember?"

"Yes. Why, I was the King's favourite daughter."

"This was a little too much.

"The King had no daughter," I said coldly. "I distinctly remember him telling me. It worried him a good deal. There was an adopted daughter with red hair—you don't mean her, surely?"

KATE nodded.

"But it wasn't really red, you know," she pleaded. "Sort of chestnut. And in those days you used to say you liked chestnut—you know you did."

I waved my hand airily.

"After all," I said, "one never thought much of those Babylon days. Now, the Crusades. Now those *were* times."

"Weren't they? Do you remember how we——"

"Hang it, you seem to have followed me about through the centuries pretty freely. What were you doing in Palestine?"

"Oh—I don't know. Just looking round."

"Yes? Well, I was fighting. You may scorn me now, but let me tell you I was very popular with the ladies in those days. I used to wear—ahem—their gages in my—er—helm. As many as three at once sometimes. You've never seen me in a helm, have you? No—well then don't talk."

KATE was silent for a little, while I wondered how much more of the family history I should tell her. There had been an unpleasant episode about the sixth century (never spoken of in the home circle) when I had so far forgotten myself as to be a hippopotamus in East Africa; really the only time we went into trade, as it were. It would be folly to drag that up now.

"Were you in Rome about 550 A.D.?" asked KATE suddenly.

"Er—oh, no. Not Rome."

"Where were you?"

"Travelling abroad a good deal. East Africa, and so on."

"I didn't know Africa had been discovered then?"

"Oh, yes. I knew all about it. Funny thing," I added, "but I was a vegetarian in those days. It was all the rage with our set."

"Oh! I thought perhaps you'd have been in Rome, fighting. There was someone there rather like you."

"Tall? Handsome? Clever?"

"Oh, very. He knew Latin, and so on. But quite silly otherwise. Why I just happened to say 'No' to him once—more from habit than anything—and he never asked me again. So of course I had to ask *him*. You say you were in Africa at the time?"

"I'm afraid so." (I should like to have seen it through. But being stuck in East Africa——)

"What did you say to him?" I asked.

"Oh—'Please will you marry me, Sir,'—or something like that."

"Only in Latin?"

"In Latin, of course. And he said 'Thank you,' or 'Yes'—I forget which."

"They had a very clumsy way of saying 'Yes' in Latin," I said. "I think the scene would have gone much better in English."

"I understand," said KATE with a smile, "that an English version is in the press. . . . Oh, were you ever an owl or a bat or anything like that?"

\* \* \* \* \*

KATE says she expects in her next existence she'll be a love-bird, and sit on a twig and coo. I do hope I shall be on the same twig.

**THE WAR-SECRETARY ON HIS TRAVELS; OR, MORE HINTS FROM ABROAD.**

Our Artist (absolutely unreliable) understands that Mr. Haldane is so delighted with the value of his visit to Berlin that he proposes to extend the scope of his inquiries to other lands as opportunity offers.



## THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

### VII.

#### OUR SUNDAY CONVERSAZIONI.

LET us turn now from scenes of strife to the more pleasing picture of our Sunday conversazioni. At these social reunions there was scarcely a subject



The Looney.

that was not discussed, and when the Captain, with his wonderful culture, was present, no topic came up which was not illumined by his trite and shrewd remarks, so that I reckon it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been present on such occasions.

#### THE PRETTY WIT OF THE CAPTAIN.

What made the Captain's conversation especially charming was the fact that he was possessed of a pretty wit. He would say things which would even make a cat laugh. He was, indeed, first in peace and first in war. He has been called, with justice, one of the wittiest dogs of the century. Many of his sayings I have treasured up.

He was asked one day what he thought of the one-meal-a-day diet for dogs which was being advocated by the digestion reformers. He replied that he had no objection to it so long as the meal lasted all day.

A poodle was bragging of his pedigree. "My ancestors came over with the CONQUEROR," he said. "Oh," said the Captain, with his inimitable drawl, "from your appearance I should have thought it was RICHARD CUR DE LION."

To another conceited hound he once said, "Call yourself a stud dog! You look more like the missing link."

The Captain was not above a pun, if he thought it a good one—which, of course, it always was.

One night I returned very late from cat-scaring. The house had been locked up, and my master had to come down in his dressing-gown to let me in, and he made a fuss about it.

"What excuse did you offer?" asked the Captain.

"Couldn't think of any," I said.

The Captain's eyes twinkled. "You silly old Ears," he said, "why didn't you say you couldn't tell the time, as you didn't meet a watch-dog?"

Upon another occasion he recommended me to call a wire-haired terrier and send a telegram to say that I should be late for dinner. He made me roar sometimes with his remarks. And it was all done so easily, with no apparent effort. A member of the Club received a legacy under the will of his mistress. "I suppose you'll put the money in the Dogger Bank," remarked the Captain.

Again, talking of toy dogs, he remarked, "Sometimes I feel inclined to buy a pennyworth of weed-killer and dispose of the lot of them." And I have heard him frighten one of these almost out of his skin by saying, "Do you know, Sir, that my men eat two or three of you for breakfast every morning?"

He always put things wonderfully well. One of our members was guilty of some little peccadillo—I forget now what it was—and the Captain decided to give him one more chance. "You say," said the Captain, "you are the son of a retriever. Very well. Go now and retrieve your character."

Once he gave us a lecture on the subject of falsehoods. "Let sleeping dogs lie," he wound up; "you always speak the truth."

I could indeed fill a volume with the Captain's dry remarks. And if he could crush with a cutting word he could also comfort by a bright idea. For instance, when my ear was split in two and I was suffering great pain, I remember how he bucked me up with the words, "Never mind, old fellow, it has increased your value. You are by way of being a curio now. You are probably the only dog in the world with three ears." I smiled through my tears.

#### THE DOG-SHOW TALE.

And the Captain was an admirable raconteur. No one could spin a yarn so well as he. His best tale, I think, was the one he told to demonstrate the value of Dog-Show honours. The Captain declared it to be true, and we were never tired of hearing it.

There was a gentleman, said the Captain, living in Ireland who owned an Irish terrier named Kathleen. One day Kathleen presented her master with two of the queerest-looking pups that ever saw daylight. Their sire, it was said, was a French poodle, and one could

well believe that this was at least the truth. You never saw such freaks. About a year after their birth their master heard that a Dog Show was to be held in a village where he happened to be staying at the time. Being of a sportive disposition, he decided that, for the fun of the thing, he would enter his marvellous mongrels in the "Any Other Variety" class under the name of "Burmese Setters." To his intense surprise and amusement, they were promptly awarded first and second prize.

The man's appetite was now whetted, and when, some six months later, the announcement of a really important Dog Show, which was to be held in a neighbouring town, was brought to his notice, he resolved to let the twins try their luck once more. This time he decided that they should be "Thibetan Eel Dogs." Shortly after he had deposited them at the Show a note reached him from the Secretary stating that the committee were greatly interested in his exhibit, but unfortunately none of them was acquainted with the points of Thibetan Eel Dogs, and the Committee would be obliged if the exhibitor would kindly let them have a few lines about them. The exhibitor saw no reason why he should not oblige the Committee. So after dinner he wrote to say that a Thibetan Eel Dog was the means by which the Thibetan highlander secured his dinner. The dog waded into the shallow upland streams and knelt down. The eels then became entangled in the dog's long and shaggy coat, and when sufficient eels had been trapped the Thibetan whistled his dog out of the water and dined.

This explanatory note was printed in full in the official catalogue; the dogs



Judge of the pained surprise of The Man-Hater.

attracted a vast amount of attention, and carried off a second and third prize.

But they caused trouble.

Among the visitors to the Town Show was an individual who had been also to the Village Show. He wrote a most

indignant letter to the Press, saying that the Committee, for all he knew, might be nice amiable gentlemen, but they were certainly profoundly ignorant about dogs, for they had given two prizes to what were described as Thibetan Eel Dogs, while anyone who knew anything at all about dogs must have recognised at once that they were Burmese Setters!

The correspondence raged for a number of weeks, and there was scarcely a so-called authority on dogs who did not take part in it.

Lord, how we laughed!

#### THE LOONEY AND THE MAN-HATER.

Although the Captain was easily the most brilliant talker amongst us, he was by no means the only one whose conversation was worth listening to.

There was, for instance, The Looney.

The Looney was quite one of our most interesting members. This crack-brained fellow undoubtedly had a spark of genius in his composition. It was a pity that he was always so absurdly impractical. He was essentially a dreamer, and not a dog of action. He was always thinking out wonderful schemes, which came to nothing.

For example, it was The Looney who proposed one Sunday that we should make horses honorary dogs, and so increase our numbers. He asked—and in this instance I consider there was perhaps something in his suggestion—why, if King Charles Spaniels and St. Bernards are both called dogs, the idea should not be carried a step further? But the Captain said it would be lowering ourselves, and that settled it of course.

One hot day The Looney lost such little reason as he had and was shot, after a cruel custom of the Humans.

The chosen companion of The Looney was The Man-Hater. He too was a fluent talker, and had ability of a sort, and might have shone in an assemblage where the Captain with his giant intellect was not present. Indeed, after

the Captain's death The Man-Hater founded the only Club which had any measure of success.

For a long time a member known as The Socialist had been The Man-Hater's closest friend. But this miserable fellow became a backslider. We missed The Socialist one day, and when next we met him he who had always been the

wealthiest dogs in the country, and the last we heard of him was that he had been elected Vice-President of the Gentlemen's Club. May he die of fatty degeneration of the heart!

The Man-Hater was made of most curious material. It was not fur at all, but a kind of mixture of cotton and silk. He told us he was very valuable, and we

never disillusionised him. It was wonderful how The Man-Hater fancied himself. The Captain said it proved that there was a Providence.

The Man-Hater had no master. He lived by his wits, and was a good one for rats. Originally he had belonged to a faddist, who held that dogs ought to have nothing but plain wholesome food, and that only once a day, and not too much then. Chafing under this inhumane treatment, The Man-Hater went off one day for a week's tour in the company of some dog friends with a view to bringing his master to his senses. On the third day his master came to the conclusion that his dog was lost, and judge of the pained surprise of The Man-Hater (who had always had a high opinion of himself) when, on his way home, he saw in a shop-window a notice headed, "Half-a-crown Reward," and containing a most insulting description of himself, which wound up with the words, "Of no value to anyone except owner."

The Man-Hater turned back with an angry growl and decided that his master might keep his half-crown. Since then, as I have said, The Man-Hater has lived by his wits, and, like not a

few of us, has known what it is to walk about with an empty pouch.

Adversity has soured The Man-Hater.

The *Whitehaven News* fills up a gap with a moral reflection and an item of news. The two appear thus:—

The lower we stoop to do a kindness the higher we rise.

The King has appointed Colonel JOHN MOUNT BATTEN, C.B., to be Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of and in the County of Dorset.



#### THE ? OF THE DAY.

SHOULD THERE BE A SPEED (AND DUST) LIMIT?

most disreputable of us in appearance was not only well groomed but wearing a coat with a crest in the corner, if you please! I need scarcely say that the coat was in shreds in a very few minutes. It seems that The Socialist had been adopted by a wealthy maiden lady, and had openly renounced his former views on the subject of the redistribution of property. Upon the death of the old lady The Socialist inherited a large share of her property and became one of the

few of us, has known what it is to walk about with an empty pouch.

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## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is not given to every one to enjoy minute study of epileptic cases, followed at brief intervals by the story of four idiot children and a sketch of a stout mother who persistently sucks sweetmeats. These episodes suffered or passed over, *Profit and Loss* (METHUEN) is an excellent piece of work. So persistent is Mr. JOHN OXENHAM in gloomier mood that, when the epileptic has nearly murdered his tutor and disappeared in space and one of the idiot children has smashed a slate over the head of her sister so that the wooden framework fits its neck like a frilled collar, he quite casually throws in a nameless old lady who dies straight off. There is, however, method in this particular moment of mourning. It brings together the hero and the heroine, who, living through a stirring time, not only marry, but come into a fortune of £100,000, upon which they live happily ever after. The good people, like Mrs. Barty, are very, very good; the bad, like her errant husband and the banker's son (father of the four idiots aforesaid) are horrid. The plot is carefully elaborated, but, on the whole, I cannot say the story caught me with irresistible grip.

Many men have taken a tired brain to the country for rest and refreshment, but none have brought back a better harvest of quiet humour and natural pleasures than Mr. WALTER RAYMOND, whose record of his life in a Somersetshire village will be found in *The Book of Simple Delights* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Many old friends await one in his pages, for he has an eye for types. Mrs. Critchell, for example, scrubs in every village, although this book would pin her to one only. If we had to express in a single phrase our enjoyment of this *Book of Simple Delights*, we should say it's a simply delightful book.

A Persian Roseleaf does not treat  
Solely of loves that flame and flicker  
Beneath the bough, with music sweet,  
A book, some bread, and jugs of liquor.

Partly it's thus, and partly not;  
It tells of how a maid of Persia  
Weds a young lairdling whom a shot  
Has bull's-eyed into forced inertia.

His true love's course runs rough—in fact,  
Lieut.-Col. ANDREW HAGGARD



## VOLUMES.

Lady Gushington. "SO YOUR SON IS A REAL AUTHOR! HOW DIS-TRACTINGLY INTERESTING! AND DOES HE WRITE FOR MONEY?"

Practical Dad. "YES. I GET HIS APPLICATIONS ABOUT ONCE A WEEK."

Contrives to get it densely packed  
With men beheaded, speared, or daggered.

The air's italicised with rays  
Of local tint which stamp the scene as  
Egypt—e.g., gallibiyehs,  
Medjidieh, and effendinas.

The land is panting in the throes  
Of military occupation;  
The publisher is LONG, and so's  
Much of the casual conversation.

I feel that I must review  
Mave in the manner of the  
new advertising:

Reviewer. Oh, I say, have  
you read Mave?

Subscriber. No. Who's it  
by?

R. Oh, nobody you've ever  
heard of. RANDAL CHARLTON is  
his name. It's his first book.

S. Good, is it?

R. Extraordinarily fine. I  
don't know when I've read a  
better novel.

S. That's rather fulsome,  
isn't it?

R. Well, one must be en-  
thusiastic sometimes. And  
how better than over a "com-  
ing author"?

S. What's it about? What  
sort of style?

R. Well, it reminded me  
strongly of HARDY, and faintly,  
now and then, of *The Forest  
Lovers*.

S. Oh lord.

R. Yes, it sounds funny,  
but there you are. The first  
half is delightful, though one  
feels the tragedy coming.  
Then it passes over, and—

S. And all is sunshine  
again?

R. No. That's where the  
author goes wrong. The  
clouds come back. Heavy  
ones, and thunder and light-  
ning. The tragedy of sepa-  
rated and broken hearts that  
one looked for does not  
happen—

S. Well, that's good.

R. Yes; but we have instead a purely factitious one of  
broken heads.

S. You seem annoyed.

R. I am. . . . Still it's a wonderful book. Oh, by the  
way, leave out the last chapter altogether. I can't think  
what it's doing there. If we must have tragedy, let us end  
on the tragic note. We don't want a new character intro-  
duced at the last moment to tell us that it's really all for  
the best, and the hero will soon get over it, and so on. How-  
ever—

S. However, you advise me to read it. Mave, by RANDAL  
CHARLTON, I think you said?

R. Yes. A book in a hundred, and worth the other  
ninety-nine put together. . . . By the way, METHUEN is the  
publisher.